

E L E G E I A

T H O M Æ G R A Y.

THE GIBB

THOMAS GIBB

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E L E G E I A

641. L. 21
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T H O M Æ G R A Y

GRÆCE REDDITA.

CURAVIT

B. E. SPARKE, A. M.

LONDINI:

EXCUDEBAT J. NICHOLS.

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MDCCXCIV.

B. L. E. G. R. A. T.

T. H. O. M. A. S. G. R. A. Y.

C. H. A. R. L. E. S. F. E. R. R. I. S.

C. O. U. R. T. E. E.

D. E. S. T. A. R. K. A. M.

L. O. N. D. O. N.

R. E. C. O. M. M. E. N. D. A. T. I. O. N.

P. R. O. S. T. A. T. E. F. R. E. E. M. A. S. O. N. S. A. N. D. S. O. N. S.

M. I. N. I. S. T. E. R. S. O. F. T. H. E. F. R. E. E. M. A. S. O. N. S.

C. O. M. M. I. T. T. E. E. S. O. F. T. H. E. F. R. E. E. M. A. S. O. N. S.

1840.

JOHANNI HENRICO

NOBILISSIMO

DUCI DE RUTLAND, &c. &c.

S. P. D.

B. E. SPARKE.

EN tibi, nobilissime Juvenis, novam Thomæ Gray Elegeiæ
μετάφρασιν Græcam. Utinam profectò ipsius Poëmatis miram istam
ἀφελείαν sapuisset hæc magis; sed hæc in re me (et fortasse non sine
aliis) sudavisse multum, frustra que laborasse fateor. Hanc autem te
compellandi occasionem potissimum arripui, tum quòd eximium
meum in te studium amoremque testarer, tum quòd Græcas literas
obnixius tibi commendarem. Ex hoc enim fonte quicquid in Poësi
dulce, quicquid in historiâ grave, quicquid in eloquentiâ facun-
dum ad nos usque profluxisse constat. Hæc sunt exemplaria, quæ
cunctos veræ doctrinæ studiosos decet.

“Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.”

Mihi igitur liceat currenti addere calcar; præsertim cum Academicos
istos jam ingressus sis lucos, quibus (ipso Loci Genio adhortante) non
alius ad humaniores literas excolendas contingat felicius locus. Nil opus
est hinc recensere aut genus aut proavos, longo licet ordine, gestif-
que egregiis memorabiles; tibi enim satius fuerit tuis, quam alio-
rum virtutibus, clarescere. Maacte igitur, Juvenis nobilissime,
præstanti hæc indole; perge, quo cœpisti, pede; hæ tibi erunt
laudes. Mihi verò optatissimum est (quid enim tibi majus melius-
ve voveam?) Te in hoc ætatis lubrico, nullis fortunæ vel seculi
illecebris irretitum fore, sed in eodem virtutis cursu tantâ constan-
tiâ processurum, ut amicis omnibus decori sis semper et deliciis,
Patriæque ornamento simul et præsidio. Vale et munusculum hoc
qualecunque benigno animo accipias oro.

Kal. Nov. MDCCXCIV.

E L E G Y.

1.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save, where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3.

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Ε Λ Ε Γ Ε Ι Α.

α.

ΚΩΔΩΝ, ἤματος οἰχομένοιο, βαρύκλυπος ἤχει
Μυχῆθμοις ἀγέλη νίσσεται ἀν' εἰαμένην·
Ἐκ κόπης οἴκαδ' ἰὼν ἀρετῆς λυγρῶ ποδὶ βαίνει,
Καὶ σκοτία καὶ μοῖ πάντα λέλοιπ' ἐθέλων.

β.

Ἦδη καὶ σκοπιῶν ἀφανίζεται εἶδος ἀμυδρὸν·
Ἦδη καὶ σιγὴ νήνεμον αἰθέρ' ἔχει·
Πλὴν ἵνα βομβαίνει καλεόπλερα, πλὴν ἵνα ποίμνας
Κοιμίζει καναχὴν τήλοθεν ὑπνόφορος·

γ.

Πλὴν ἵνα κισσόκομοιο σεληναίην ἀπὸ βωτρῆι
Γλαυξ πύργα, κείνοισι ὀξέα μεμφομένη,
Οἳ παρ' ἐὼν κευθμὸν μόναδ' ἠλάσκοντες, ἐρήμῃ
Ἀρχαίην τ' ἐνοχλᾷσ' ἀφραδέως φυλακὴν·

4.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

5.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the strawbuilt shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lift their fire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

7.

Oft did the harvest to their fickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

δ.

Τρηχεῖαν πηλέαν, ἢ σμίλακα παρ σκίοεσσαν

Γαῖα χυτὴ πολλοῖς χώμασιν οἰδάνεται,

Ἦπερ ἀγροιώτας σεινοῖς εἵρχθεντας ἐν οἴκοις

Κωμήτας ἐς αἰὲν νήγρετος ὕπνος ἔχει.

ε.

Οὐχ ἤες ἔτι πνεῦμα θυώδεος, ἔτε χελιδὼν

Καρφαλέων λαλαγῶσ' ἦρυν' ἀπὸ σεγέων,

Οὐκέτ' ἀλεκτρύονος κλαγγή, κέρας ἢ λιγυτηχῆς

Τέσδε χαμαισρώτων ἐξεγερεῖ λεχέων.

ς.

Οὐ πάλιν οἶδ' ἀνίασιν ἐφέστιε εἰς πυρὸς αὐγὴν,

Οὐ μόχθες ἔξει διελινεὶς ἄλοχος·

Οὐ παῖδες σφῶ πατρὶ παλίντροπῳ ἀντίωοντες

Τραυλοῖ, ἐφέρψουσιν γῆνα φίλημα λαβεῖν.

ζ.

Τῶν δ' ὑπὸ τοῖς δρεπάνοισι τὰ δράγματα τάρφε' ἐπιπτε·

Γαῖαν ἄροτρ' αὐτῶν πόλλακ' ἔαζ' ἀδινὴν·

+ Ὅμμασιν ὡς φαιδροῖς ἀν' ἄρεαν ζεύγε' ἐλατρῆν·

Ὡς πληγαῖς ὕλην ἐσόρεσαν βριαραῖς·

B

8.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r;
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise:

11.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

ή.

9 Μὴ γελάσῃ φιλόδοξος ἐπωφελίμοισι πόνοισι,
Τέρψεσιν ἀγροίκαις, πόντῳ ἀμαυροτάτῳ·
Σκώμμασι μὴ πικροῖσι δυνασέων ἐπαχέσῃ
† Τὸ βραχὺ καὶ τ' ἀφελὲς μνημόσυνον πενίας.

θ.

Λαμπροτάτης γενεᾶς καύχημα, τυραννίδος ὄγκον,
Πᾶν ὅσον ἡ Μορφή, πᾶν ὅσον Ὀλβος ἔδω,
Κηρὸς ἀμείλικτος ποτ' ἀνῆρπασεν ἔλιον ἡμᾶρ,
Ἀτραπιδὸς δόξης εἰς Αἶδ' ἀλάγει.

ι.

Μηδ' ἄλογον μέμψιν γαῦροι μέμφεσθε, τροπαίοις
Οὔνεκ' ἀκόσμητος τῶνδε τάφος πέλειαι,
Μακρὸν ὅπερ διὰ δῶμ', ὄροφόν τε πολύπλυχον, ὕμνος
Ἑψηχῆς μολπαῖς ἀμφιαχεῖ ζαθέαις.

ια.

9 Ἄραγε σῆμ' εὐγλυπτον, ἀγαλμά τε, Δαίδαλας ἔργον,
Ψυχὴν ἐξ ἐνέρων αὖθις ὑπεξερεύσει;
Ἄρ' ἐγερεῖ κωφὴν φήμη κόνιν αὐδῆέσσα;
Ἢ θείλξει ψυχρὰς αἰμύλ' ἐπὶ νέκυας;

12.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

13.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

14.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

ιβ'.

9-
9-
Καίται ἀκήδεσσι τις ἀνὴρ τάχα τῷδ' ἐνὶ χωρῷ
Ὡς γέμ' ἔτ' ἐν βίῳ φρενὶ πυρὸς ἐράνισ·
Ὡς χεῖρες σκῆπτρον νωμῶν οἰαί τε τύραννον,
Ἥ μῦσαν κινεῖν ἡδυμελεῖς κιθάρας·

ιγ'.

Παιδεία δ' ἐνάροισι χρόνῳ κόσμηθεν ἀγαθοῖς
Βιβλίον ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐδέποτ' ἀμπέτασεν·
Τῶνδε μέν· πένια πολυθαρσὲς ἀπέσβεσεν αἶνῃ,
Καὶ γονίμην κραδίης ψυχῆς ἔπηξε ῥοήν.

ιδ'.

Πολλάκι δὴ εἰλβούλα διαύγει μάργαρον κοσμῷ·
Κρύπτεται ὥκεανὸς βένθεσιν ἐνδομύχοις·
Ἄνθεα πολλὰ αἰδῶ τε φύει, χ' ἡδέϊαν ὀδωδὴν·
Μὰ ψυτὶς ἐρημαίης αἰθέρος ἀμφιχέει·

ιε'.

Κωμήτης Ἀμδὴν τις ἀγνορήφι πεποιθώς,
Ὅς ποτ' ἐφυβρίσων ἤρκεσ' ἀτασθαλίην·
Μιλτῶν· τις ἀναυδῶ, ἀνώνυμῶ ἐνθα κεν εὔδοι,
Πάτρης τις Κρομοῦλ χεῖρα φόνος καθαρός·

16.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

18.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

15.

Αἶνον ἀγασσασμένων βελών πολύτιμον ἔπαυρεῖν,
 Τάρβῃ ἀπορρίπτειν πῆματ' ἢ δ' ὀδύνης,
 Εὐπορα πάντα νέμειν γαίην ἀνὰ μεδιόωσαν,
 Ὑμνεῖσθαι κλειναῖς παλρῖδ' εὐλογίαις,

16.

Τέτοιοις πότμ' ἀπεῖπ' ἀρετὰς δ' ἐκ οἶον ἔρυξεν
 Ἀρτιθαλεῖς, ὅλοῃν δ' εἶρξεν ὑπερβασίην·
 Χερσὶν ἀπείρηκεν κρατέειν θρόνον αἱματοέσσαις,
 Οἰκτιρμῇ τε πύλας δυσπρόσιτος παρέχευεν·

17.

Ὡδῖνας, σύνεσιν τε φρενῶν φιλαλήθεα κεύθειν,
 Σβεννύμεναί τ' αἰδῶς λαμπάδα πορφυρέην,
 Οὐδὲ τρυφῆς, ὑπερηγορίας τ' εἶασε γεραίρειν.
 Βωμῆς, Μισάων ζώπυρ' ἐναυσαμένους.

18.

Ἄλλ' ἐρίδων μακρὰν κενεόφρον' ὄχλος ἀπόντες,
 Οἶδε σαοφροσύνης ἔποτ' ὀλισθον ὁδῷ·
 Εὐκῆλοι κρυφίοισιν ἐν ἄγχεσσιν βιότοιο.
 Ποσσὶν ἀδελπῆτοις ἡρεμία βαδίσαν.

20.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

κί.

αεν Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁσεόφιν τέτοισι ἴν' ἀφ' ὕβριν ἀμύνῃ,
Στήλην ἅν' προσίδοις ἐγγύθεν ἱσαμένην,
Ἀρτιγλυφῇ, ξυλίνῃ, μέτροις γραφθεῖσαν ἀμῦσοις,
Κῆδ' ὀρινέσαν πᾶσι παρέρχομένοις.

κιά.

Οὔνομ', ἐτῆθ', (ὥς δῆτ' ἅν' ἀγράμματ' ἔξεσε Μῆσα)
Ἦρκεσεν ἀντ' ὠδῆς, ἦρκεσεν ἀντ' ἐλέγῃ,
Ἐσπάρθῃ τε πῆριξ ἱερὸν πολὺ ῥῆμα, παραινῶν
Ἀγροίοις θάνατον προφθαδίην μελετᾶν.

κβ'.

Τίς γὰρ ἔην νωθεὶς λήθης ἡσσήμεν' ἔτῳ,
Ὅς προΐει ζωῆς τὸ γλυκύπικρον ἔκων;
Τίς θαλπνὺς κατέλειπε φαισφόρῃ ἡματ' ἔρῃ,
Οὔποτ' ἀναστροφᾶν ὅσσε πάλιν μεμαώς;

κγ'.

Ἀγκαλίδας ψυχὴν ποθέει φιλίας ἀπιῖσα,
Ἀγχιθανὲς θαλερὸν δάκρυ' ὄμμα χατῇ,
Κᾶκ τύμβῳ λαμπρὸν φουσέως γηρύεται ὁμφῇ,
Κᾶν σποδία ζῶει πῦρ ὑποθαλπόμενον.

C

24.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

25.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or crazed with care or cross'd in hopeless love.

κδ.

Σὴν δ' (ὅς ἀτιμήτων νεκύων μεμνήμενος, ὥδη
 Ἐκφράζειν τολμᾶς ἰσορίαν ἄτεχνον)
 Εἰ ποτὲ τῇδ' ἔρπων μόνιμος, φιλέρημος ὁδίτης
 Ἐξερέειν ἐθέλοι μοῖραν ἀδελφὰ φρονῶν

κε.

Ὡς ἄρα τις πρέσβυς πολιοκρόταφος τάχ' ἄν εἴποι·
 Πόλλα κεῖνον ἐγὼν, πρῶτ' ὅτ' ἔφαινεν ἔως.
 Εἶδαν ἀποσκεδάσαντα ποσὶ κραίπνοισιν ἐέρσην,
 Σπεύδοντ' ἡλίῳ βενὸν ἐπ' ἀντιάσαι.

κς.

Πὰρ πόδα φηγὺ τῇσδ' αἰπεινῆς, εἰνοσίφυλλε,
 Εἰλίγδην ῥίζας ὑψόσ' ἀεραμένης,
 Εὐθ' ἀμελῆς ὥραιοι μεσημερίαισι τανυσθεῖς,
 Ἄθρησ' εὐκέλαδον νᾶμα κατειβόμενον.

κζ.

Ἦδη μειδίῳν σοβαρῶς πρὸς δρυμὸν ἀλᾶτο
 Τόνδ' οἶστος, τρύζων μέρμερα πολλὰ μάτην·
 Ἦδη κῆρ ἄχεϊ φθινύθων, οἴκτις αὖ καλῆφης,
 Ὡς βαρύπολμος ἐὼν, ἥ τις ἄγαν δύσερως.

28.

“ One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,
“ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

29.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
“ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
“ Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.”

κῆ.

Ἦμαρ ἔην, τὸν δ' ἔκετ' ἶδον καὶ ἐθήμονα βενδὸν
Φοιτῶντ', εἰδὲ φίλῳ δένδρῳ ὑφεζόμενον·
Δεύτερον ἦλθ', εἰδ' αὖ πρὸς νάμαλιν κῆτο τανυσθεῖς,
Οὐδ' ὅγε πρὸς δρυμοῖς ὤρνυτο καππεδίον.

κθ'.

Τῷ τριτάτῳ, νέκυν ὄντα γόοις μέλεσιν τ' ὀλοφυδνοῖς
Εἶδον αὖ ἀτραπιτὸν τήνδε κομιζόμενον,
Δεῦρ' ἴθι, κᾶνγνωσον προσιῶν (δύνασαι γὰρ) αἰοιδὴν
Θάμνῳ ὑπ' ἀρχαίῳ τῷδ' ἐπιτυμβίδιον.

T H E E P I T A P H.

30.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth ;
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

32.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his FATHER and his GOD.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

λ'.

Τῇ Νέῃ ἡσυχίως εὖδει γαίης ἐνὶ κόλπῳ,
 Ὃς δῶρ' ἔτε Κλεῖς, ἔτε Τύχης ἔλαχε·
 Παιδεία δ', ἀγενής περ ἐὼν, ἐκ ἧεν ἀπεχθής,
 Τῖα δε Μελπομένη γνήσιον ὥς κόμισεν.

λά.

Ἦν οἱ γενναία τε φύσις, καὶ ἐτήτυμον ἦτορ,
 Μιδὸν ἀμοιβαίως ἀνταπέδωκε Θεὸς·
 Δάκρυον (ἐπ' ὧν ἔσχευεν) οἷζυροῖς ἐπέλειβε,
 Καὶ φίλον (ἐξήτησ' ἐπ' ὧν) ἀντέλαβε.

λβ'.

Μηκέτι τις κείνῃ βέλητ' ἀρετὰς ἀναφαίνειν,
 Ἐλκεν τ' ἀμπλακίας κευθμῶ ἀπὸ συγερῶ,
 Ἐνθάδ' ὁμῶς κοιμῶνται, ἅμ' ἐλπίδ' ὑποτρομεύσῃ
 ΠΑΤΡΟΣ ἐν εὐσπλάγχυνι σήθεσιν, ἥδ' ἔθ' ἑοῦ.

THE ITA O N

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